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WOMAN.

WOMAN:

A SATIRE,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY WADHAM PEMBROKE.

Difficile est satyram non scribere.

JUV.

LONDON:

HURST, CHANCE, AND Co.

MDCCCXXX.

LOAN STACK

PR5167
P35W6

PREFACE.

NEVER did more blushes suffuse the face, or more ineffable emotions assail the bosom, of any timid fair one, when she coyly confesses the tender excitement of her first love, than now are mine, whilst I commit these maiden effusions of my Fancy to the waves of Literary emulation.

But the experience of a single storm, gives courage to the Sailor;—one campaign, strengthens the heart of a Soldier;—it may be thus with me.

My little Skiff is ready to put off—she is gone—she is invisible.—Heaven protect her lonely wanderings! and if she be not wafted by the gales of praise, to the harbour of Fame, permit her to find, among the placid waters of Lethean stillness,—a quiet resting place.

Fye! Fye! Fye!

SHAKSPEARE.

Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res.
HORACE.

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WOMAN:

A SATIRE.

LADIES, 'tis meet that I resume my Pen,
Or quickly hasten to my Lyre again;
Tho' not to sing the beauty of your eyes—
A theme which far too oft my thought supplies;
Nor yet the ringlets playing round your neck,
Which give the tincture to your dimpled cheek.
Ah no; all this may truly please the sense,
Elicit Poesy's sweet eloquence,
Make flattery her glassy words express,
And all the Lover's silly tenderness;
Make you admired in the Dance's maze,
Embosom'd close by corsets and by stays;
Delight the eye, and make the servile fop
In liveliest measures round about ye hop:
We may adore, fall down, and heave the sigh,
Call ye our Sun and our Divinity;

But still the heart, while it approves the skin,
Contemns, derides, despises, what 's within:
As the rough mountain which, while in it lie
The golden stores that Afric's shores supply,
Conceals its barrenness, when o'er it plays
The beam which verges from those golden rays.
So we admire the visage and the dress;
(Oh! would to Heaven that some admired them less;)
But see these once depart, and then inquire
Why beaux have ceased to flatter and admire;
And by some envious lip t'will soon be told
The mountain 's only valued for its Gold.

Had Nature e'er intended it for me
To found a school of true Philosophy;
Without the rigour of the primal Thales,
Or austere virtue of Old Doctor Paley's—
I mean a Seminary for Young Ladies;
We had not now-a-days beheld so many
Old maids—hated by all, not loved by any;
Methinks my Pupils would have better angled,
The fly of Love more elegantly dangled,

And e'en without the new invented swivel,
If not a bite, at least had got a nibble.
But as it is, their floats—I mean their hearts,
Are oft pulled over head in deepest parts
Of Love's rough waters—when (without staying
To give the hooked *boy* a little playing)
They behold this—nay e'en before—they strike—
They lose the fish—perchance it was a pike—
And oh—at least some seven years ago,
If I bethink aright when it were so,
I ne'er could get another one to try—
To taste, or e'en to smell a living fly.
Report, dear Ladies, 'mong the finny race,
Has a smooth tongue,—of fools the only grace—
They cannot hear, 'tis true, but they can see;
The eye 's an organ of loquacity—
At least I've often found it so with me.

Behold that form which rises in the crowd
Of swelling nymphs, magnificently proud;
Her garb is beautiful—its satin fold,
Her swan-like bosom vainly strives to hold.

The Cretan whiteness of her rounded arm,
Is not content with Nature's simple charm;
Refined gold, the sapphire, and the gem,
Her bracelet's circle gorgeously hem.
See, how she moves as stars along the night,
Where'er she goes e'en Darkness pales to Light;
Behold, what fools attendant on her train
Sigh for her smile, and haply sigh in vain;
See, how bright Wit her golden stores displays,
And Wisdom's iron tongue her satire stays.
Age sighs for youthful buoyancy again,
And Youth for Age, to soothe its bosom's pain;
She walks in peerless beauty—not a word
Against her maiden blandishments is heard.

Infernal Circe, garbed in Venus' dress,
Thou cream of Corinth's vicious loveliness;
Such as those Harlots, who notorious were
The fetid colleagues of Aspasia.
Such ought'st thou to be called, but thou art named
Whate'er in Flattery's Lexicon is famed.

To thee e'en Poesy's seraphic fire,
Compressed in all the madness of desire
Exhausts itself—all proudly long to share
The lecherous perfume of thy chamber's air.
All fain their sweetest Kisses would imprint
On lip so lavish of the Tyrian tint.
Heu tempora! heu mores! Oh! by Heaven,
If Satire's poignard but to me were given,
I'd plunge it 'mong such perjured breasts, and proud
Expose their hearts before the admiring crowd.
What, shall the force of misery or joy,
Of lasting pleasure or complete alloy;
Nay, nature's streamlets, from whose courses flow
All that delight or misery can know,
Be thus polluted by the horrid stain,
Which runs from hearts corrupted and profane!

Ladies, perceive the above is writ *en passant;*
Phœbus forbid I e'er be an assassin;
The heart 's your pride—the dagger is my pen;
Oh, hear ye this, ye servile sons of men—
Women it might have been—but the expression:
Yet hither, hark ye, to a short digression.

I've said, good folks, my pen to be my dagger;
Not such an one wherewith 'tis meet to swagger,
As the young Ensign, when he sounds it high—
'Sir, you forget I serve his Majesty;'
But such as I can use without suspicion
Of going on a bandit's expedition.—
Nature, kind virgin, has to every mind
Ordain'd what may be best; and not confin'd
Her splendid blessings to "a favor'd few;"
But each has given what may fitly do—
I mean, to pass the waters of the World,
Your canvass hoisted, and your sails unfurled;
With about thrice experiencing shipwreck,
The *cube* of that a broken head or neck:
'Tis in pursuance of this golden rule,—
Not that which every one has learnt at school—
That hares have swiftness to elude the paw
Of Canine fierceness, and their masters' maw.
Hence Bulls have horns, hence Fishes have their fins,
The Worm its glow—and Serpents venom'd stings—
'Tis hence, at least so sings the Tean lyre,
That beauty lit in woman's eye her fire:

This is not very elegant I know;
'To light a fire,' methinks, is rather low;
Yet you'll excuse, one cannot always hit
The very simile which just will fit.
But to proceed, as bullocks by their horns,
Serpents by stings, and roses by their thorns;
So I defend myself by Satire's pen,
Which is my Dagger I repeat again.

Last year, sometime about the winter solstice,
Pardon, my Friends, if any where a fault is;
When I was sitting reading Doctor Gillie,
Musing and thinking it were mighty silly,
That ever Greece should favor such a prism
As what is mostly termed—an ostracism,
Somewhat too learn'd for me I must confess—
Far better suited for his Holiness
The Pope; *pious* or *impious*, 'tis all the same,
The simple *ratio* is but the name:
You know what Juliet conceived aright—
But hush, that Play of Romeo 's so trite;
I heard a tapping at my Study door;
'Come in,' 'Come in,' my answer as before:

In came the liveried Slave, and in a manner
Which Soldiers to a victor stoop their banner,
Inclined his starched neck, and soon presented
'A Card of Invitation' sweetly scented
With rose and lavender which—no delusion,
Had been some beauty's phial's soft tranfusion—
'Twas to a dinner *fête* from Lady G——
A most unusual hour, at half-past three;
To give, as it most courteously expressed,
Time for the Ladies to be gaily dressed
In Evening costume, whatever it might be
Pourtrayed in that sweet Book '*La Belle Assemblee.*'
I'm too attached to Venere et vino,
I mean a Beauty and a Glass of Wine O,
To let the occasion pass; so, *a la mode,*
When the time came, to Lady G's I rode.

I handed to her seat, as other men,
A black ey'd nymph, just landed from *Ardennes;*
She was, by Heaven, a most enchanting creature,
A perfect Hebe in each look and feature;
Her hair was dressed in ringlets—and her brow
Was white as one might think Sithonia's snow.

We each soon understood, as folks would say;
Nor we alone—but as all others may
Who have a very little time in France been,
And are *au fait* in language and in dancing.
But she was only one among a many;
Tho' by the way as beautiful as any;
For all were lovely, and one might have thought
Diana's train from Delos had been brought;
Or Venus' Choral Sylphs, such as are seen
In the recesses of Olympus' sheen,
Who Bacchus, Jove, and Pythian Apollo
On the soft down of Heaven's azure follow—
All were perfection, and i' faith not one
Was what a Greek had called an *Amazon*.
The dinner passed, at which each one was toasted;
And as the game so much in Flattery roasted;
When all the Ladies in a trice conspire
To leave the table—in a word—retire.
A custom which is worthy execration,
A horrid stain upon the English nation!

We sat till about ten, when in entered
A bobwigged Gentleman, who having centered
The lofty Hall, with simpering voice proclaimed
The Chandeliers were lighted and enflamed:
The Band arrived, and nothing else deficient—
(Methought it was a circumstance sufficient)
But Partners for some Ladies who were fainting;
Yes, 'twas e'en manifest despite of painting;
Such being the case—and such being the injunctions,
Tho' sad the giddiness of mental functions,
We hasten to the Ball, and there behold
What just before the powdered Helot told.

The pencilled floor and the Lydian lute,
The jocund tabor—and the am'rous flute—
(Marsias, say, would such a concert suit)
Were all in readiness, and each one eyed
The Girl which most his vision gratified.
Anon we move within the dance's maze,
Make our *obeisance* and the *chaine anglaise*,
And all the motion of the eye regard
While they perform the *Demie promenade*,

L'ete, La poule, La Trenise, yet in vain
To mention more we dance till *La Finale.*
Then with our partners linked hand in hand
We whisper all that flattery can command;
Procure *Sauterne, Bucellas, Lemonade,*
And what are else on such occasions made.

But most young Ladies always take it ill
Merely to figure in a stale *quadrille:*
It for a time may all be well say they,
But we soon weary of the Balancez;
There 's something very *cold* in *dos a dos,*
En donnant la main droit is but so so;
Oh La' indeed, 'tis monstrously inane
To exercise the prudish *Chaine des Dames;*
Lucy, dear, *ask* that beautiful Young Man
To join the Waltz, or Spanish Saraband.
'Tis said, 'tis done; the viol's wanton sound
Tunes the gay measure as they lightly bound;
They move along like waves when gently fill'd
With tepid warmth from Thetis' breast distill'd:
Now on his arm she softly leans her form;
Now on her bosom he is gently borne:

Breast touches breast, ringlets 'mong ringlets stray,
Eye beams on eye, voluptuously gay:
Now lip meets lip, and gives impassion'd kiss,
The sweeten'd foretaste of consummate bliss;
While perfumed Zephyrs from the loosened hair,
Fan the soft bosom delicately fair,
As if they knew the emotion treasured there.
Again they rise, and fall, and rise again;
Now each one whispers what he can't contain:
Intoxication swells within the breast,
With love's excitements overcome, o'erprest,
She lowly begs her last, her wished for boon,
His *manly* arms support; and in a swoon
Entranced by Frenzy—see behold her lie
Convulsed in all desire's agony.
Upon the Couch's kind alluring aid,
In a dim niche conveniently laid,
Prostrate behold her—'ere you sympathize
Pray let indignant feeling moralize:
Behold her now, how pallid is her cheek,
Loud palpitates her heart—her pulse is weak.
Oh! 'cut her lace asunder' 'ere is rent
The fold which keeps her heart so closely pent,

Oh! mercy—ma'am, was ever face so placid:
Hand hither quick your Aromatic acid.
And other stuff: but I'm a dullish hand
To melt the soft expression and the bland:
To make the matter short, she 's very soon
Gently supported to the Anti Room;
And very right, one does not like to catch
The Lyncean eyes which ever are on watch
In such disasters, and 'tis better suited
To youthful spirit now so much diluted—
There let her rest for some half hour or so,
Gallantly lackeyed by her *taper* beau—
I mean a living one, not the dull *light*
Which may be seen at Cambridge every night
Beam from the Walls of *Trinity* or *John*—
The quiet lodging of some studious one;
But such as is without so much evasion
Every way suited to the *sweet occasion:*
And till she may be called herself again,
We 'll shroud them, if you please, in Venus' veil.

Oh, Woman, blush! Oh blush whilst I betray
What sad experience proves every day;

Oh blush! Oh blush, ye Daughters of our Isle,
Well may morality your ways revile;
Well may the modest, prudent and the wise,
Your heart-aches scorn, your wretchedness despise.
Oh diffidence, whose grateful odour sheds
Beauty on youthful and on matrons' heads;
But most, Oh most, that tender blushing grace
Whose tints suffuse the bashful virgin's face:
Where are ye sped—say why your influence
Ceases to be of beauty her defence?
Ye Asiatic beauties, ye who might
In Persian revelry consume the night,
Methinks, despite of manner and of clime
(But that 's a very awkward word for rhyme,)
Ye would have blushed thus to expose to view
Those charms, which visible, can ne'er renew
That beauty which must doubtless always be
Among the hidden gems of secrecy.

So much for dancing: now to come to talking;
The vesper promenade—the matin walking—

Behold a belle lounging in *Fashion's* park,
No matter if her hair be light or dark;
Deformed or beautiful, 'tis all the same,
They each alike assume that *lovely* name;
You'd think her some gay bird, which one may see
By paying for in Shaw's Menagerie:
You never would suppose I do assure you,
That you beheld a human form before you;
The case of cards,—the reticule—the glass—
Chapeaux so corpulent, one cannot pass
Unless their *contour* putting in sad plight,
And every thing like elegance to flight;
With all the other follies which appear,
To say at least a dozen times a year,
Truly convince you, though 'tis rather droll,
That you espie 'an *Idle* bird' or doll.

Are these the beings from whose forms arise
The men to execute what toil supplies!
Protect our shores, and with a valiant hand
Preserve from foe our Liberty and Land;
Quell insurrection, and with classic sense
Unveil the enchanting charm of Eloquence;

Stem the deep torrent of a nation's rage,
The breath of Faction mitigate—assuage.
Messenian Warrior!—Aristomenes,
Wert thou the issue of such loins as these?
Or ye, who on Etruria's turgid sea
Preserved the wreck of Troja's dignity;
Or ye, who perished at Thermopylæ!
Had Grecia's sons been such—say had they stood
The rolling violence of Persia's flood?
Athene! had thy hardy Prowess shone
In the famed plains of gory Marathon?
Had Rome the splendour of her power displayed!
Whose brightness dazzled and whose arm dismayed;
That mighty Empire, from whose shore arose
All that is noble; in whose breast repose
What War, what Peace, what Grandeur, could disclose!
Nay, were they such who formed the manly Band,
When Edward burst upon proud Gallia's land,
When France her lordly standard had unfurled,
And at Britannia her Thunders hurled?
No, they were not: far other was the breast
Which gave to them its nourishment and rest;

Far nobler spirit from their bosoms ran,
That formed at once the Patriot and the Man.
"*Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis,*"
To these belong the Laurel and the *donis:*
'Tis not ordained by nature or by fate,
That Eagles from the Dove should generate;
Dodona's crowd ne'er rose from out the stem
Whose slender form the pool's dead waters hem.

No wonder, then, so many Sons of Mars,
'Mong Infantry, or Lancers, or Huzzars,
Had rather war with kisses soft, and sighs,
And meet the radiance of Beauty's eyes,
Than nigh 'the Cannon's mouth,' whose madd'ning roar
Thunders the war to cry each distant shore,
With heart 'in triple brass' begirt and brave
Seek the proud Laurel or a noble Grave.

I always thought that Russell made a blunder,
In saying that in Dryden's Sigismonda,
The feelings of her heart were too excessive,—
T'would have been truer to have writ expressive:

Dryden knew women well, and there's no doubt,
He just described them as he found them out
After much intercourse :—It *may* have been
The less enchanting portion he had seen ;
But in that lady's character, in sooth,
He only spake of woman-kind the truth.

Few words define a Woman's fault tis true :
There's nothing right they say, or think, or do;
But still they are not frail,—Oh no, but let
A Woman once but love, she'll ne'er forget.
Thus thought the bard of Avon, when he writ
The empassioned madness of sweet Anne's fit :
All know that Anne was prince Henry's spouse,
And when he died, you know, 'twas fit to rouse
Some rheum of *respect*—one could not bear
To leave the Wife who scorned to lend a tear.
Behold her weeping in a public street,
Wo at her head and sorrow at her feet,
Her lord's base murderer now meets her eye ;
She gives him every word which may apply
To 'fiend,' 'foul D——,' 'minister of H——,'
Words which become a Lady's lip so well !

'Heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead,
'Oh, earth, gape open wide' and bite his head.
But Flattery, sweet zone! can soon dispel
E'en Horror from a minister of H——,
'Fairer than tongue can name thee,' when replied
The 'Hedgehog Richard,' soon she kinder eyed
Rather more softly—this base 'Homicide.'
'In your sweet bosom could I rest an hour;
'Teach not thy lip such scorn,' thou 'st not the power;
And such nice words as these; so in the end,
Her rage and sorrow somewhat quickly spend,—
And to this 'D—— minister of H——'
She taught her scornful lip to say 'Farewell.'
Soon did her bosom suffer to be pressed
By the same hand, by which 'twas late distrest—
Soon was the Dungeon for the Chamber changed;
Soon were her vows of hatred disarranged.
Let any one now answer how it be
That Woman should be called—frailty!

There was a time, but now that time is gone,
When on a Woman's brow there only shone

One laurel of renown,—Venus' or none.
I mean to say, that when a virgin found
She was not very likely to be owned
As a stray angel, or a wandering nymph,
Or Juno's messenger,—bright blue-eyed sylph,
She gave up all pretensions to a name,
Nor strove for Myrtle in bright Cypris' game.
But now a woman, when she finds that Nature
Has not quite moulded her as sweet a creature
As in Creation dwells; why then, in spite
Of all that Mrs. H., or *Oh* can write,
She soon begins, with every machination
Which can inflame a maiden in vexation,
To plan a something which may compensate
For the unkindness of her cruel fate.

Thus beauty has let grow in her dominion,
(This is entirely new—mine own opinion)
Deformed pride and squeamish affectation,
A sad misfortune, ma'am, to any nation,
Who e'en against their Aristocracy
Have founded firm a strong Democracy.

And what's the consequence? 'tis very plain,
Young men have now a-days too oft the pain
Of seeing at some distance a gay feather,
Bonnet, or gown, or parapleu, or whether
You choose, for it makes little difference
Either in metre, or *perhaps* in sense;
They see them at some distance, I have said,
Oh say what then assails the heart and head!
They meet, they stare;—La what a disappointment—
What they thought bloom, they merely find an ointment;
It was a bird no doubt, but only able
To find its *genus* in that very fable,
(Ladies, I would not your fine feelings shock;)
Where the jackdaw presumes to be a peacock.
But this is only half; one might have borne
Our disappointed hopes, for if we'd torn
The painted plumes, which vainly strove to cover
That which, alas! was seen above and over,
Methinks the dictates of her little sense
Would have at least ashamed her impudence.

Simplicity! soft as the breeze which blows
'Mong lands unknown to tempests and to snows;

Pure as the waters on whose saffron streams
The crescent moon her infant beauty beams,
Entrancing as the various tinted dress
That nature wears in springly loveliness.

Affectation! soft as the breeze which blows
'Mid lands allied to tempests and to snows;
Pure as the waters on whose muddy streams
The aged cow her dirty beauty beams;
Entrancing too as is the knee-deep dress
That London wears in wintry dirtiness!

I 'm almost sick of scribbling, though I fain,
Ere I depose my pencil, would obtain
The little favor that I once possess'd
Among the fair ones; I should be distress'd
So far to violate all nature's laws
As wound a woman's heart without a cause.
I fancy, L——, I see thy pretty mouth,
Which breathes so soft the accents of the south,
Distort itself; and in a sore vexation
O'erwhelm me, Love, with every execration.

But words can never spoil so sweet a place;
'Twill but impart a different kind of grace:
As ocean's waters only lose their form,
And not their grandeur, in the swelling storm;
Nature is beautiful, or let her pass
Led by calm Zephyr or stern Boreas.

Ye azure nymphs, who on Britannia wait,
Who grace retirement or lordly state;
Whose beauty is omnipotent, and stands
The brightest lustre of our golden lands!
Ye, on whose cheeks are pencilled every ray
Which the gay form of Iris can display,
And in each other melt themselves away:
The rose's tincture and the lily's white,
Embrace and kiss each other in delight;
Whilst pale cerulean veins around the eye,
So softly and so beautifully lie—
Like a calm even in Ausonia's sky;
Giving more perfect loveliness than e'er
The sight could wish for, or the heart desire:
On ye I call! on ye, who where ye stray,
Give spring to winter, and to night the day:

Oh let it not be said, that while the face
Has more of loveliness than mortal grace,
Your hearts are treacherous—your feelings base !

Oh ! seek retirement, whose envied shade
For virtuous culture seems most aptly made ;
There weave those garlands which may gently shed
Their modest perfume on the nuptial bed,
And give you joys when other joys are fled ;
For think not that alone 'the desert air,'
Will see your beauty, or your accents hear ;
The gay coquette when struggling with her hand
Against the stream of age, her vessel manned
With hordes of flatt'rers, sycophants, and beaux,
Hoping to lull her bosom's rending throes ;
As she sails past on waters dark and rude,
Oh, how she 'll envy your loved solitude !

Thence from reflection you may well impart
What will adorn the mind—improve the heart,
And treasure pleasures that know no decay ;
Which ne'er the world could give nor take away.

No flattery then will whisper in your ear,
Which, when 'tis heard, excites true virtue's fear;
No miscreant monster then will dare deface
With his foul breath the sheen of virtue's grace;
The storms of envy, passion, and desire,
And all that else 'gainst happiness conspire,
Will soothe their vengeance e'er they gain the bower
Sacred to beauty's and to virtue's power;
Oh then! your loved associates will be
Sweet Innocence, and white armed Charity;
The Muses' train from Phocis will descend,
And Poesy her morn and even spend
'Mid your beguiling stillness; and to these
Dian's bright chorus—Hamadryades.

When Hymen's torch the dreary night illumes,
And on your lord's proud breast each care consumes,
Joys will be yours which they can never bless
Whose hours consume in base voluptuousness;
And often bring to light—too oft display
What only ought to grace the bridal day.
Pure then your words, your actions purer still,
Virtue and Peace the scathless heart shall fill;

Conscience approving at life's weary close,
Will whisper comfort and serene repose;
Oh then receive what I would fain express
To her whom most I wished to love and bless:
May ye be happy—with the happy live—
And learn to hate what Fortune will not give!

You see from hence, 'tis hoped, that I'm not ready
To hurt the feelings of a 'nice young lady,'
Unless the barbed arrows which I fling
May serve to heal the very wounds they bring;
Upon my word, I speak as though I were
With head upon the block of Mulciber.

I 'm very tir'd, my fire is very low,
I cannot poke it to another glow;
My wax, i' faith, is burning in the socket,
And both my hands are hidden in my pocket.
No, I mean one, the other 's on my head;
My idle servant is asleep in bed;
My pen and ink are finished, and my knife
(A *cutting* image of a scolding wife)

I cannot find ; 'tis blowing very high,
And the black heavens look melancholy,
So I must end; Ladies, 'Good night,' 'Good night,
Believe me, Beauties, I'm no anchorite.

Yet e'er I end, I have a word to say
To those kind souls, who on some future day
May say to me what I shall not much matter,
For even words can sometimes maim and batter;
I mean those Gentlemen, who having lost
Their reputation, and have since been toss'd
On disappointment, ever deem it right
Against a literary bark to strike.
I fancy, Hal, that you would say to play,
Though Heaven ward off such sportings from my way;
Play on her broadside; which, if they cannot sink,
They quickly chase to that most deadly brink,
Ycleped lost genius, then hurl their darts—
O Pity! say, can these have human hearts?
I mean those verbal darts, those witticisms,
Those hourly, daily, monthly criticisms;
Those salty gew-gaws, that so much of late
Infused their poison into Gallia's state,

And raised fell partisans, so that a man
Must be Girondist or Republican.
Yes! I mean these; yet to those gentlemen
I modestly would thus advise, that when
They take me underhand, to recollect
That their *black* poison will not much infect;
No! pale-faced gentlemen, ye herd of critics,
I have been dipped within the wave of Styx.
What I have said refers to very few,
Yet among those includes "the stockings blue:"
No! by Apollo, there be some whose pen
Seems to express the thoughts of learned men,
Who are not to be gulled with any thing,
Nor think a white swan when a sea mew sing;
To these, 'tis known, that I must stoop, and yield
My little *scuta* to their massive shield;
I know by them I'm either made or marred,
My fame is either beautified or scarred.
Take what's been said as kindly, and employ
Your heavy weapons as against —a boy.

TO LAURA.

TO LAURA.

Oh! L——, dear L——, thou idol of my soul,
Base were his heart, his breath indeed were foul,
Whose venal vapours dared to raise to thee,
What might e'en dim thy dazzling purity.
Oh! thou, too fair for earth, whose lovely form
Virtue's and Nature's simple hands adorn;
Whose eye reflects the mild and fertile ray
That beams around the golden orb of day,
And nurtures every flow'ret in thy way;
Thou, in whose bosom springs the fount of Song;
Whose snowy fingers as they glide along,
Awaken every sense, loosen each tie
Which circles round the soul of melody—
On thee I call, to whom my frenzied sense
Hath offered oft impassioned eloquence.
Think not, my sweetest, that my heart though rude,
Though poisoned by the sting—ingratitude,
E'er hints at thee,—thy name my theme supplies,
That thou art she whom now I satirize.

Forbid it, Heaven !—Oh, may the darkened crowd
Whom Stygian horrors everlasting shroud,
Enwreath upon my brow their snaky hair,
And feed upon the blood which burneth there;
May the dread dark which now upon the sky
Sits desolate in frowning majesty,
Ever be mine; may some deep, sounding shore,
Dashed by the tempest's storm-excited roar;
May wood and den, and dreary wild and cave,
Where Woe and Care their habitation have;
May Hope revolt, and in her form appear
Heart rending disappointment and despair;
May these be mine—nay, more than my weak lyre
Dares to express or tempteth to aspire,
If in these lines I willingly impart
What may disturb *thy* rest, or wound *thy* heart:
No ! no ! thou mirror clear of purity,
'Twas by such spotless excellence in thee
I saw reflected other's vanity.

I ve watch'd thee, L——, through many a changing year,
And while I gazed, have felt a trembling fear;

Shy diffidence my opening lips did press,
I dared not to unfold my tenderness;
I've seen thee from thine infancy arise,
As Luna doth in her nocturnal skies;
Whose gentle form first as a crescent beams,
And only half her brother's lustre gleams;
Then soon in modest fulness slowly glides,
With golden seraphs kneeling at her sides,
Who, when she passes, and her brow they see,
Shroud their bright faces in obscurity.
Thou art so risen, L——, and now I gaze
Upon those charms foretold in earlier days;
Those tinctured blossoms that proclaim'd thy youth;
Should found her dwelling on the throne of Truth:
As softened showers and zephyrs smooth the bed
Where Flora may repose her perfumed head,
As Hope allures, and with a soothing ray
Points from the present to a future day.

Look, my dear L——, say, dost thou see yon cloud,
Whose amber arms around pale Cynthia crowd,
As if Endymion had his presence sent
To guide her through the boisterous element;

To guard her where the Lion and the Bear,
And the fell Scorpion, their heads uprear;
Oh! if thou dost, my L—— think, think that I
Will thus defend thy spotless purity.
I've watch'd thee, L——, through many a varied year,
When, emblem of thyself, the days appear
Waiting as Spring's gay loveliness, and shed
Sweet heavenly scents on nature's infant head.
Yes!—I have seen thee tripping o'er the lawn,
As full of freshness as the blushing morn;
Oft I have viewed thee, too, at eventide,
Pensively wandering by the streamlet's side—
Thyself as limpid as their waters glide;
I've seen thee, too, when Winter's chilling night
Has warmed and softened in the festal light,
Swell the gay garland dance, and beam
As truant spirits when on earth may seem;
I've seen thee, too, when in the giddy waltz,
Yet not indulging in its sensual faults;
No!—gently leaning on a sister's breast,
Or by a brother's arm thy form was press'd;
Not spouting fashion's silly ribaldry,
No!—ne'er could that find audience with thee,
But words as chaste as Angels' minstrelsy.

Say, dearest L——, but Heaven forbid the thought,
That e'er a Woman's heart with gold were bought—
Say, L——, when in the glittering, gaudy world,
Honour and Power their standards have unfurl'd ;
Wilt thou be captur'd by that sparkling glare,
And war against the crest thou once didst bear ?
O, power and wealth, and monarchy and state,
Soon bow before the iron throne of fate !

Behold yon thund'ring, rolling avalanche,
Whose foaming waves in savage beauty branch
On the rock's bosom, and with horrid crash,
Down the white precipice their waters dash ;
The cannon's voice is l ost within their rage,
Jove's sacred bolt, their fury would assuage ;
The 'wreck of matter' would e'en calm the sense,
When listening to that hissing violence.
From rock to rock it boundeth, and its roar
Echoes and howls till it can howl no more—
But look upon the tiny lake, whose bed
Receives its waters from this fountain's head ;
How calm, how clear, how still, how placidly,
Upon its form the marble waters lie—

Say, who could think that e'er such calm did spring
From such a boisterous, crashing origin ?
Thus 'tis with power : the Syren fame and pride,
Youth, Beauty, Wisdom, or whate'er may glide
Upon the world's broad basis ; in each dress
The mind of man to dazzle and distress :—
'Twas thus with Gallia's son, whose breath was fire,
Such as Pelorus' rugged breasts respire ;
Whose *voice*, was as the ocean when a storm
Swells in her veins and horrifies her form ;
Whose *arm* was as the light'ning, whose hot sting
E'en scathes and blasts the trophies it may bring ;
Whose mad *ambition* earth could not contain,
Yet toss'd him high upon her boiling main,
Then proudly soar'd to boundless space again.

My L——, excuse me, dear, I know that oft
To thee I've sung more tenderly, more soft ;
But Oh ! my fancy will not let me lie
Where once I lov'd to slumber placidly ;
It burns to soar, on higher wings to rise
On what more thought and energy supplies ;

But if I soar above that orb, where ne'er
The heart hath sadness, nor the eye a tear,
Still shall my lyre attune its chord to thee,
Thou meekest, fairest, child of purity.
Think not that I'll forget:—No, all the wo
From every poison'd spring of life may flow;
Still, L——, with thee enclasp'd within mine hand,
Upon some storm-girt rock I'll firmly stand:
That hold I'll ne'er relinquish—No, I'll have
With thee a mutual, tho' a deathly cave;
What envious wave shall wrench thy form from me,
That wave I'll hail as my Divinity.

But hush! this heavenly flame will soon consume,
Exhaust the fancy which it won't illume;
Soon will this eye, within whose orb now burn
Pride and Ambition, in their hellish turn;
Soon will this eye, I say, have ceas'd to shew
The frenzied fires that in my bosom glow;
Soon will this heart, so petrified, so stung,
Whose tender covering every wo hath wrung,
Ceasing to palpitate within my breast,
Bestow on me what others deem not rest:

Soon will this glowing, burning, flaming breath,
Congeal within the frozen one of death.
Well, be it so!—Oh! I should hail e'en this,
Deem it the rudiment of endless bliss,
If I had ne'er known thee;—but, Ah! thy form
Swells my rough bosom with a deadlier storm,
Whene'er I think a nobler arm will share
The union of thine happiness or care;
Another voice thy sadder hours shall cheer,
Enhance each pleasure, and dispel each fear.

Say, L——, wilt thou from the funereal pile
My youthful ashes raise, when tauntings vile
On every hand assail thee—and the sneer
Of the World's laugh?—I hesitate—I fear.
Say, wilt thou, L——, upon my bosom throw,
Not the pure streamlets—but thine eye-balls flow?
Say, wilt thou, L——, my parting eye-lids close,
And lull me to Elysian repose?
This be my Epitaph—this let it be—
Ambition's vassal—slave of Misery.

CHILDISH

REMINISCENCES.

CHILDISH

REMINISCENCES.

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

I.

Oh, 'tis a luscious sweet, and soother far
Than gaudy Hope e'er gave, to roam awhile
'Mid joys of other days; to mount the car
Of mild Euphrosyne, and leave the vile
The selfish cares, which man's creation mar,
His Virtue and his Goodness all defile;
To bask alone in the gay sunniness,
That raised so many sweets to love and bless.

II.

Oh, happy hours! when Reason's infant dawn,
Breathed Arab perfume on the soul, and gave
The modest tincture of the blushing morn:
Whilst the chaste heart translucently did lave
In pearly drops of Innocence—forlorn
To think on ye when now we have
Lost all such virtues, and we only find
Mirror'd in your clear form, a baser mind.

III.

Yet 'tis a joy, such as the Lover feels,
When his endearments meet the warm return:
It is the hidden mystery, that reveals
The grot of Happiness, where brightly burn
The spicy flames of Mirth; a balm that heals
The broken spirit and the hearts which mourn—
Yes, 'tis an ecstasy to travel o'er
Those rosy lawns that we have hailed before.

IV.

Sweet * * *, how oft within thy dell,
And bourne, and crowded copse, and mount and glen,
In childhood did I stray; fain would I tell
Thy beauties, how they cheered me, when
My heart was all untried by the fell
The sad disquiet, which the breasts of men
Tears and torments, when first they tempt the tide,
Upon whose billows worldly interests glide.

V.

How often have I chased the butterfly
Over thy meads, whose golden-tinted wings
Beamed as a little Iris: while the sky
Re-echoed faintly to the bird, which sings
Rising and rising,—then, with flutt'ring sigh,
Leaves those fair regions and as quick begins
To cleave the yielding air—o'ercome,—o'erpressed—
And sinks all weary on her grassy nest.

VI.

Sad emblem of those joys, which oft in life
  Rise near us, and with gaudy plumage fair,
Allure our vision : then with eager strife
  To chase the sure deceivers we repair :
We throng amid our rivals thick and rife;
  We gaze, we sigh, we touch—Oh what despair !
That touch has soiled its beauty, and it stands
As the dull night on Scythia's desert lands.

VII.

How often have I in thy limpid brook
  Thrown my gimped cord; then with a trembling hand
Watching the little Minnow take its hook,
  Have drawn it proudly to the damasked land !
How often have I watched the sombre rook,
  Upon its oaken habitation stand;
Oft have I heard the swallow twitter by,
And woo thy stillness with its minstrelsy.

VIII.

That Cot I well remember; at whose feet
The rose and lavender in worship fell;
Whose reedy covering the breeze did greet,
Kissing the dwelling which it loved so well:
On either side a silvery stream did meet,
And murmured softly; on whose banks did dwell
The milky-lily; while its riplings pet
The tender bosom of the violet.

IX.

Calm shades of Innocence! how oft have I
On Summer's even, when the heavenly blue
Smiles with the pink, the saffron, and the dye
That melts its beauty among every hue;
How often have I, calm and placidly,
Chaste as the breezes which about me blew
Listened in pleasing sadness to the tale
That Echo whispers from the Nightingale.

X.

Sweet Philomel! whose honied cadence flows
Soft as the waters from the glassy stream,
Which over Tempe all its beauty throws;
Or feasts the brightness of the solar beam;
Oh! say, what lyre to tell thy sweetness knows!
Soft as the sprinklings of that heavenly cream
Which Juno's breast distilled, when beaming on
The infant splendor of her Jove-born son.*

XI.

Lov'd shades! oft have I tripp'd along your way,
When the green meadows sparkled in delight,
And raised their incense to the fane of day,
Seeming to triumph o'er the reign of night—
With the blithe dairy-maid, chaste as the ray
Of diamond dew that kiss'd her in her flight,
To hear her carelessly breathe forth the song
That Cloe lisped to love-lorn Corydon.

* The Lactea via.

XII.

I've strayed through gayer scenes—have seen the hall
Scorning dull night, with festal torches shine,
Which gaily figured on the burnished wall
Those tender forms that life's dull hours beguile—
Woman's sweet countenance: I've seen the tall
The stately beauty, in the dance's wile,
With silken-woofed garb, and hair unzoned,
Glide as a seraph, when the minstrels toned.

XIII.

I've quaffed the golden cup, whose vintage gushed
In Bacchanal profusion, and inspired
The flagging spirits as they slowly rushed
Along their fleshy courses, worn and tired:
Have smelt the spicy perfumes, such as frushed
From cedar'd Lebanon the maid required
To touch her velvet tunic, or adorn
The snowy costume of her bridal morn.

XIV.

I've strayed in richer lands; have seen the streaks
Of the red East transfuse their beauties o'er
The mingling summits of the blushing peaks
That high 'mid Cumbria's lofty regions soar:
Have seen the silver hand of Luna break
The thund'ring dissonance of Neptune's roar,
And with the soothing which her eyes disclose,
Lull him in calmness to a still repose.

XV.

Yet, Oh! loved * * * these ne'er afford
So bland a retrospection as is thine;
Their luscious nectarines, pomegranates, and gourd,
Are not so sweet within these lips of mine,
As thy wild berries and thy milky curd,
Thy rustic flowers and thy sycamine:
These were the nurses of all feelings holy;
Those the soothers of my melancholy.

XVI.

Ah! soon from such, Elysia, are we torn!
Envy, ambition, pride, and sickly woe,
Each long to have us on its billows borne,
And soon upon those billows do we go;
Soon do we stagger 'mid the waves forlorn—
Soon is our little canvass rented through;
Soon are our skiffs upon their Scylla toss'd,
Their sails all shattered, and their compass lost.

XVII.

Oh, Melancholy! raise thy snaky head;
Oh, Music, Music! echo mournfully;
Oh, Discontent! thy poisoned essence shed;
Oh, Sadness! heave thy mirth-destroying sigh:
Ye notes of Wo, all hither quickly sped!
Hasten, hasten, lone Melpomene!
Ye wreaths of Yew and Cypress, quickly bind—
Oh! with your shadows tinge, my gloomy mind.

XVIII.

Soul of my being ! Blood, too, of my blood !
Flesh of my flesh ! another—yet myself !
Where art thou, Isabel ? all holy, good,
Where art thou now ? Oh ! say, what wandering elf
Has seized thy loveliness ?—Or say, what flood
Has borne thee haughtily its stolen pelf ?
Where art thou, Isabel ?—to thee I 'll come
And make thy prison-house my fairy home.

XIX.

Oh ! surly Death, with timid, envious, hand,
Say, couldst thou not have quelled thine appetite
Upon some kindred carrion, and let stand
A being so fair, so worthless of thy bite ?
The Lightning's terror, which ignites the land,
Disdains the Jasmine or the Rose to blight :
It seeks a nobler victim ; it would scorn
To wear a garland from the Myrtle torn.

XX.

But thou, insatiate monster, seem'st to leer
In grim delight, and from thy hellish lip
To simper in disdain with taunting jeer,
What time the blood of virtue it may sip;
Oh! how thou mock'st the tender, anxious fear!
Say, what delight, to see the bosom dip
In Circean wretchedness! To thee, what joy
To watch the mother weep her infant boy!

XXI.

Oh conquest too supreme for Pallas' vest!
No worthy Pæan may the Poet sing:
To tear the maiden from her lover's breast,
To blast with poisonous breath the buds that bring
To the young Mother all her joy and rest,
And mar the smile of 'Hope's imagining.'
Oh! potent Fiend, to stretch thy mighty hand
O'er dimpled cheeks and virgin beauties bland.

XXII.

My Isabel, my Sister, 'twas to me,
Though in those moments when scarce Feeling feels,
A burning Auster to the soul, when thee
The monster seized—oh 'twould reveal
Too much of sadness and of misery;
'Twould probe the sore that ne'er alas! can heal,
To tell how much thy loss my bosom wrung,
How it has blighted, blasted, bruised, stung.

XXIII.

Well I remember thy calm dying hour:
I see thee lying on thy weary bed,
Weakened and pale, without the wished for power
To draw thy pillow from thy feverish head;
Thou spaked'st not, moved'st not—as the summer flower
When Night falls pressing on its spirit fled—
Thou swooned'st away, away, and not a sigh,
Disturbed thy bosom fainting placidly.

XXIV.

My Isabel, my Sister! say how oft,
If e'er thou thinkest on thy brother now—
Do I at midnight, when the billows soft
Of jetty darkness swell Creation's bow,
Breathe a warm prayer to thee so high—aloft?
I dream—those dreams thy day-thought visage shews;
I start, I wake, I clasp,—thou art not there;
I wake to what?—to weeping and despair.

XXV.

My Isabel, my Sister! all that left
A pleasing painful relic of thy being,
Was soon snatched from me—soon was that relic reft;
The only solace that I had in seeing—
Thy curly Phillis; oh, 'twas a cruel theft!
That little favorite for whose well being
Thou used'st to tend so much—that found no rest
Unless t' were pillowed in thy downy breast.

XXVI.

My Isabel, my Sister! Oh, that sound!
Oft have I sworn to utter it no more,
For to its whisper echo doth rebound—
Seeming to falter as she speaks—a sore
A rending cadence, such as round
The charnel cavern moans, when through its door
The sickly breezes fan the holy glare
That weeping Misery sadly burneth there.

XXVII.

My Isabel, my Sister! look and bless
Thy weary brother; let thy Seraph tear
Cool the sick bosom which thou can't caress;
Oh! gently, Isabel, dispel my fear;
Thou image bright of purest godliness,
Inform, O tell me, when shall I appear
And claim with thee, all pure, all chaste, all good,
The glorious honours of thy sisterhood!

XXVIII.

My lids are flaming, yet I cannot weep :
No, that would cool their burning ; and the soul
So swellingly compressed with Sorrow's deep,
Would find some opening, whence might gently roll
Those stormy waves, and haply have a sleep—
A short repose upon its tossings foul :
As Ocean when the storm has swollen her breast,
At last composes in the slumber's rest.

XXIX.

Time wings along in a resistless flight :
Infancy, youth, proud manhood, hoary age,
Almost a single morning brings to light ;
And yet do each give something to assuage
Life's weariness, or perhaps they might,
Could we but only quell the bursting rage,
That strife and envy, malice and desire,
Igniting in our hearts, inflame and fire.

XXX.

When youth excites us, how we urge along,
Heedless and blind, resisting all the force
That Reason fain would tender; and the song
Of sad Experience, who, at every source
Where pleasure riseth, tells us who have gone,
Hating the moral of her sage discourse—
Careless of all her precepts; and too late
Have mourned they might have known a happier fate.

XXXI.

Yes, Youth is as the prancing martial steed
Shorn of its rider: rushing mid the crowd
Where roars the cannon and where thousands bleed,
With streaming mane and fiery snortings loud;
Onward it rushes blind to fear or heed,
And dashes through the thick volcanic cloud:
It pauses now, it rears, now starts again,
And dyes its hoof within the bloody plain.

XXXII.

'Tis sweet to think upon those hours, when first
Virtue's inspiring beam, and the warm sun
Of pure affection, all unclouded burst
Upon our guileless bosoms: when begun
Those little cares and foibles, which at worst
Only refine the veins through which they run;
The air may be too pure; the stream too clear;
Joy must have surfeit—Hope must have a fear.

XXXIII.

Dear * * * to whom kind Nature well has given
A form more exquisite, than e'er pourtrayed
The Godlike Phidias, when a soul of heaven*
He breathed in lifeless marble; and o'erlaid
Inanimation with a softness riven
From grand perfection; that since has made
Amazed myriads kneeling at its shrine,
Worship the stone and sculptor as divine.

* Apollo Belvidere.

XXXIV.

Or he of Argos' band, who when he drew
The springing water, felt a silky hand
Embrace his snowy neck, that soon him threw
Amongst the azure kirtled Naiades, who bland
Gave him to Thetis: or the youth who knew
The tender Goddess famed in Cypris' land:
Or who impassioned Luna as she shone,
The Parian whitened lorn Endymion.

XXXV.

Dear * * * I say, we once were wont to find
A kindred feeling glow within our breast;
Our hearts were one, tinctured alike our mind,
And the same sorrows had disturbed our rest;
Our sports were elegant; our ways refined;
Our joys had then by misery ne'er been press'd:
Say why the laurels of Forensic lore,
Make thee forget whom thou didst love before?

XXXVI.

And thou, dear M——, who now dost calmly stray
On Isis' flowery banks, upon whose side
Philosophy sits smiling night and day;
Upon whose waters Fame and Fortune glide:
We oft, conjoined, have trod a weary way;
Oft have we soared through Fancy's regions wide:
Receive my benison: Oh! may'st thou be,
The child of Fortune and the friend of me.

XXXVII.

And thou, my E——, whose worth no poet's lyre—
Though fraught and stringed by the very Nine;
Though its bright chords were hot with heav'nly fire—
Could sound deservingly,—so justly thine:
Being of my being! flame of my desire!
With whom I joy, without whom I repine;
Oh, thou, too pure! Oh, spirit, too refin'd—
Bright gold amid the dross of human kind.

XXXVIII.

My sweet Mæcenas, Patron, Guide, and Friend,
Each tender sympathy,—my all required;
Fain would my flagging spirits strive to lend
The thrilling essences to be inspired:
Fain would my lyre its sweetest cadence blend,
And sound the canzonet to be admired:
It sounds—in vain, in vain, no sound can tell
How I adore thee: Oh! I love too well.

XXXIX.

Here must I end: no other name is fit
To follow thine, Dear E——: I feel the flame
Is almost lambent; yet, what I have writ
Let it remain: I ask not for the fame
Of the base world, for then must I remit
Those lofty thoughts that hide my Nature's shame:
Then must I simper, flatter, fawn, and lie—
Yet, Man, remember thou art born to die.

AMABILIA.

AMABILIA.

I.

O, Heaven! how sweet it is when first we glide
Over the lucent waters of the world;
Fair youth and beauty sitting at our side;
Our silken canvass streaming all unfurled,
Which virgin's sighs impregnate;—while preside
Gay Mirth and Gladness, pointing to the wold
Among whose plains there 's all to joy and bless:—
Rosy lipp'd Pleasure, bright eyed Happiness.

II.

Delirious frenzy presses on the mind;
No beacon pales us, nor do rocks dismay;
Alluring Hope assures us we shall find
Flowers without thorns, and regions all of day;
Onward we press, our little reason blind,
We chase reflection and 'dull care' away;
We fear no Cyclops, heed no Circes' land;
Our hearts with boldness and with youth are manned.

III.

But soon, alas! the veil deserts our eye;
Soon do we hear the wind and billows roar;
Soon do we see the dark brows of the sky
Knit, frowning on us all around before;
Soon do the waters rise, and angerly
In snowy mountains from their regions soar:
Horror creeps within our breasts—we weep, we rave;
And oft despairing seek an eager grave.

IV.

Still Hope allures, and with her silvery hand,
Beckons to fairer regions, where repose
All those famed beings, and that fairy land
Which golden days are wonted to disclose;
Still we pursue, for when her magic wand
Touches the thorn, it soon becomes a rose:
Onward we press, and on, and on, and on,
Till he forsakes us, and our peace is gone.

V.

Still have we happy moments, such as press
Mellifluous odours which will soothe the hour
Of desolate repining wretchedness:
Oh! there are Friends, and Beauty, and the power
Of the World's greatness, which we all *would* bless;
And then there is, too, Love's sweet Jasmine bower,
Tinctured with Cassia, Lavender, and Myrrh,
To dulcerate the youthful wanderer.

VI.

Yes, there *are* bosom friends—although too rare,
That as the icicles on mountains stay,
Who with us e'en the world's cold scoff will bear,
And when they part, go weepingly away;
And there be festal evens, where repair,
Maidens more lovely than the smiling May;
Where Music breathes her nectar and her balm,
And fondles loved Terpsichore in her arm.

VII.

And Gala days, too; such as bridal mornings,
When spirits beam so brightly, and the heart
Enrobes itself in Pleasure's gay adornings,
And clings to happiness as ne'er to part:
No sighs are heard, nor any uncouth yawnings;
But every word is soft, and kind, and smart;
Soft as the couch where blushing eve reposes;
Or brooks meandering gently among roses.

VIII.

And there is whispering to some much prized girl
The tender tale of warm impassioned love;
Whose hair is ebony, and teeth are pearl,
And voice as soothing as the turtle dove:
O yes! 'tis sweet, when first allowed to twirl
The silky tresses!—O tis far above
All the conception of ideal bliss,
When first we seal our offerings with—a kiss.

IX.

And then, you know, 'tis sweet upon the eve
When boys put off their boyhood, and presume
The *tender* care of Guardians to relieve—
To see lov'd faces on our hearth illume;
And even, too, 'tis sweet sometimes to grieve;
For one grows giddy 'mong the thicken'd fume
Which Pleasure in her incense burns to Mirth;
Oft after Luxury there comes—a dearth.

X.

'Tis sweet to join a party, too, of pleasure
At Margate, Scarbro', Filey, Derwent, Brighton,
Or where you will, if you've but gold and leisure,
And mind the collocation be a right one;
For it in truth requires above all measure
Of *true* politeness, when we chance to light on
Those sexagenary maidens, who are fainting
At every cap of wind, and cow, and painting.

XI.

'Tis sweet, too, when we spur the fiery steed,
Whose smoking nostrils curl the shining fold,
To break thro' gate, and barrier, and mead;
And hear the compliments that we are told:
'Tis sweet to fetch the long neglected weed,
Whose kindred sisters deepest caverns hold
In some dark water; and to laugh the brine,
That woos the lip 'mong billows of the Rhine.

XII.

'Tis sweet to hear the creaking of one's door
Unfold to view an unexpected friend;
One whom we've much admir'd in days of yore,
And always ready both to give or lend.
"Come in, dear fellow; what, I say, once more—
"Whoever dreamt of seeing you; 'Twould rend
"A smile from Sorrow.—Oh indeed, what bliss!
"Ne'er did I think on such a treat as this:"

XIII.

And so forth, for about a dozen stanzas;
Then sitting down before a merry fire,
To pick the soft meat of a brace of ganzas;
And then with Hock and Burgundy inspire,
Till one might almost dance the reel—Fandanza,
And ne'er the viol nor the lute require;—
Oh yes, this is a pleasure if you please;
But Heaven knows there's not too much of these.

XIV.

And then, tis sweet, too, when we have a card
To swell the circle of a widow'd lady;
Where we meet many 'bearded like the pard;'
And every portico is cool and shady;
We own in such a case 'tis somewhat hard,
To keep our cranium from being heavy;
But then, you know, 'tis sweet to roam abroad,
Where one shall meet no prying, quizzing, Lord.

XV.

Inspiring Tea!—but stay, we'll have no song;
Tho' Kings have sung thy virtues as being witty—
I mean the Chinese Emperor Kien-long,
Who said 'twas soothing—and indeed 'tis pretty
To share the little simperings which belong
To a 'tea party:' Yet 'tis a pity
That *Byron* did not say so—for, Oh then!
How great thy praise among the sons of men.

XVI.

Yet by the way—forgive—it is to me
A pleasure far above all else geotic,
Whether I 'm sipping Hyson or Bohea;
Tho' Lardner says it brings on fits narcotic;
'Tis very true, we all know this *may* be;
But 'tis as true, you know,—a good hydrotic:
All must love tea who are termed scholastic,
The 'Helluo Librorum,' or monastic.

XVII.

There is a certain place, where often I
Of Hospitality receive the rite,
Where one tastes Hyson which, by Jove, would buy
The company of the Muses for a night:
It is the very fount of Hippocrené:
Wherein your pen once dipped, you would e'en write
As many Lines as hath Sir Walter Scott,
With this rude ratio—*they 're all forgot.*

XVIII.

And 'tis a pleasure of no meagre kind
To see one's wardrobe nice refitted all
From Stultz, or any *Stultus*, when you find
A twelve month gone before he dares to bawl:
'Tis sweet—tho' not a taste the most refin'd,
To curb Thessalians from Tattersall:
One that is a tolerable hedger,
Or knows the Jockey who *must* win St. Leger.

XIX.

'Tis very sweet to make an Attic speech
Which all the news-mongers approve and laud:
'Tis very sweet to rid one of that *leech*,
I think in Flaccus you will find the word—
A tiresome friend—who's always at one's breech,
Yet not the least amusement can afford;
Like ballads old, or e'en a late one,
Of high cognomen—baptised 'S——.'

XX.

But Oh! the sweetest, sugar-candied sweet,
And without which, we ne'er can taste of joy;
But stay, I think this subject you may greet
Some stanzas back—nay, every 'beardless boy,'
And sometimes man 's an Amorist complete;
To tell the truth, the theme begins to cloy;
One can't take up a book wherein 's not writ
The heart's enlargement from some lover's fit.

XXI.

Whose metres generally thus will rhyme:
The word which ends a line with simple 'thee,'
'Mong any nation, language, people, clime,
Is sure to meet its 'Soul's divinity:'
I speak the fact; nor does it e'en confine
Its idol to this world's *infinity;*
And when one's just upon the point of 'sleeping,'
No wonder if the bard begins a 'weeping.'

XXII.

I think I see thee, Laura, lying now
Beneath the Beech and Sycamine in sleep;
The hinds no more their little antics shew;
The founts all murmuring about thee weep;
Sad minstrels sit upon the bush, and low
Despondenly they mournful vigils keep:
Thy sickly heart was faint, and its lone sigh
Whispered thy bosom's pain—Inconstancy.

XXIII.

Oh, she was beautiful! But ne'er had art
That loveliness defiled; which is the ore
Of true perfection; she was the mildest part
Of Nature's handy-work, who ne'er before
Forming such beauty, clasped it to her heart:
The moulden brake—its form was lost, no more
Could she renew its image; but confessed
She stood her prime production, first and best.

XXIV.

She was not tall, but such proportion met
Each sinew and compartment, that the whole
Seemed as the marble which in gold is set
To some divinity an offered dole;
One might not scarcely look but with regret,
E'en when her limbs were covered with the stole;
And when her Chian garb was loose and free,
We gazed with fear, and almost tremblingly.

XXV.

Scarce eighteen springs had shed their odours o'er
Her youthful blandishment; her marble brow
Was calm and smooth, as is the sapphire floor
Of high Olympus, yet did faintly shew
Some tender characters of Love's sweet lore;
Science most easy, and for all to know!
Upon which fell in soft and glossy plight,
Her ebon hair, as snow looks when 'tis night.

XXVI.

Still was her hair dishevell'd, and it spread
Its silky softness in a stream behind,
While Zephyrs whisp'ring round her sped—
Rarifying the air 'till all refin'd;
And Oh! her breasts were as the budding head
Of a spring rose, about whose blush we find
The mossy leaves, which do as yet conceal
What only full luxuriance may reveal.

XXVII.

Dishevelled was her hair, I say,—it strayed
Among the breezes, as the Almond tree
Waves in the wind; or as the vine when played
With by soft Auster, and its ringlets free—
Purfled with Jasmine, were so neat arrayed,
They swam about as soft and tenderly,
As one might think the skiffs, which touch the stream
From whence the rays of little Cupid beam.

XXVIII.

The words which breathed from out her vermil lip,
Told of the pearls and rubies whence they came;
They were as sweet as the Ambrosial sip
Which Power drinketh at the feast of Fame:
And often, too, a dimpled smile would tip
Their candied coverings, lisping the name
Of purest Faith, Felicity, and Joy,
With vow of giving ne'er the least alloy.

XXIX.

A Baldrick girded, too, her slender waist,
Embossed with diamond, and every gem;
Yet still of Envy had they seemed to taste—
Of all the rest the most accursed wem!
For when the beaming of her eyelids chaste,
There trembled, as does dew upon the stem
Of the Acanthus—one might soon perceive
Their brightness fading, and their visage grieve.

XXX.

Her eye, indeed, was brighter than the bright
Renowned Cestus; and where'er it shone,
Despondency was joy, and darkness light,
And grief's Chaotic sadness broke upon
The choir of Hope, all sporting in delight,
Leading young love with myrtle crown along:
Bright as the herald of the starry train
When first she twinkles in the Eastern plain.

XXXI.

I mean ye not indeed to understand
That 'twas all fire, disdain, and haughty pride;
Beaming as Jove's to threaten or command:
Oh no! within its ebon orb did glide
The milder star of Hesperus; so bland,
So eloquent, so asking to confide,
That while stern rays of Chastity appeared
We loved, admired, and were awed, and feared.

XXXII.

The Graces touched her feet, and as the steed,
Gold linked in Thessalian car, she trod;
Or, as Diana, when she past the mead
Watered by dimpling Eurotos; whose nod
Dismays the libbards which around her feed;
Or she of old, whom that high vaunting God
Pursued, and swore that she should ever be
The proud insignia of his Deity.

XXXIII.

I must apologize for this digression:
But as I'm writing now of sweetened things,
I thought 'twas very meet to give expression,
To that which most of all a sweetness brings;
This must indeed be every one's confession,
He who rules, speechifies, proses or sings;
For tell me, pray, who would not think it bliss
To be the *all* of such a soul as this?

XXXIV.

'Tis sweet, too, when famed wines our cells replenish,
Sauterne, Champaigne, Bucellas, or e'en any
Which a blithe Bacchanal would hail as Rhenish,
Or—but now a-days there are so many
Different 'sorts and kinds,' and tastes and relish—
The grape 's almost as common as a penny,
And should one call 'a bottle of Madeira,'
The ladies would pronounce it a chimera.

XXXV.

Sweet is the voice of Fame! not any lyre
That Orpheus ever strung could sound as this:
It is indeed the true Promethean fire
Which kindles in one's soul the flame of bliss;
It is indeed the hope of all desire;
Almost as sweet as even Love's first kiss;
It forms the Poet, Warrior and King;
'Tis to gain this that e'en the Muses sing.

XXXVI.

'Tis sweet, too, when one 's tired to go to bed,
And gently dose in slumbers still and warm,
To feel old Morpheus shower upon one's head
The luscious balsam of somniferous balm—
Particularly so, when we have read
Eight hours before and done no one no harm;
So if you please—haste, Harry, bear a light,
I wish you, Lords and Ladies, all 'good night.'

FUGITIVE PIECES.

TO THE

SPIRIT OF POESY.

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musæ,
* * *, ingenti perculsus amore,
Accipiant. VIRG.

SWEET Spirit of the fairy bower,
Where Fancy revels all alone;
That sway'st the mind with softest power,
Smiling when other joys are gone—
Bland spirit! that distill'st each part
To gild the mem'ry and the heart;
Whose ray elicits richer sweets
Than May-born Flora ever greets;

Whose pinions bear to fairer skies
Than Nature's dull realities—
To thee my simple lyre would fain
Attune the tribute of its strain.

In every garb—in every dress—
  In russet vest, or bright array—
Conspicuous is thy loveliness;
  And none have milder charms than they:
When wand'ring nigh the haunted stream,
By matin dawn, or Luna's beam;
Or when the midnight breezes swell
Their sad response to day's farewell—
Whate'er thou art, where'er thou be,
How cheering is thy minstrelsy!

A thousand joys each long to share
  The mien, the visage, that are thine—
How many opiates prepare
  The crystal essence to refine!
It cannot be!—no power can tend
Thine own peculiar grace to lend:

E'en Laughter falters to a sigh;
Pleasure bloometh but to die;
Memory's store could n'er disclose
A garland woven with the rose—
'T may flatter thus—yet oh! a thorn
Amid its gayest wreath is borne.

Not so with thee! thy magic wand
Beckons to fancy's golden land,
Where every hour and season smile
Benignly on her blessed isle.
Unnumber'd forms may'st thou assume
In each to brighten and illume;
Nor does thy presence please the less
When sighs proclaim thy wretchedness;
When Melancholy shares with thee
The union of her ministry;
When cares about the bosom spring
Unknown their cause or origin';
In each—in all dost thou inspire
The Soul's most chaste, most hidden fire.

But Oh! much lov'd thou dost appear
  Gently presiding—smiling o'er
Twin hearts, whose only care is—fear;
  Whose only crime is—to adore.
Oh yes! thou dost exalt the flame
Which lightens Love's most hallowed fane—
Far soother are the drops that shed
Their perfumes on the youthful head,
When thou dost touch its Syren stream,
And add thy brightness to the beam.

Entrancing are thy virtues, Love!
  Thou first from Heaven didst kindly bring
Those secrets of the realms above,
  Beyond e'er Man's imagining.
With Poesy conjoined, thy way
Is beaming in an endless day;
Eternal Summer tints the sky,
About thee halcyon murmurs lie;
Celestial raptures mildly veil
The mis'ry of this worldly vale,

And bid the earth-bound soul to soar
  Where regions dulcerate each sense;
Where tears and anguish are no more;
  But Nature's maiden innocence.

  Holy Elysium! such as might
Enrapture seraphs with delight:
Whose healing spirits softly shed,
When all around is—withered—dead,
A balm to cheer each wan alloy,
And raise the drooping form of joy—
Sweet Poesy! fain would I raise
The Pæon worthy of thy praise.

Descend, descend! no form is here;
  Descend, in Fancy's airy car—
Descend, Euterpe, hasten near,
  And let me soar with thee afar.
Oh! let me muse where, heretofore
The exiled Ovid heard the roar
Of Ocean's wave, that seem'd to sigh
In pity as it passed him by:

Or where great Maro lov'd to be—
For Genius famed—Parthenope;
Where Ariosto's vivid lyre
Consum'd the brain it did inspire:
Or let me stand, where Byron stood,
Musing o'er the Ægean flood—
Whose every thought, and hope and care,
Breathe of the sweets he gathered there.

Maiden, Adieu! 'tis not for me
To woo thy spirit to my cell;
Far nobler lyres have sung to thee,
Far louder strains thine anthems swell.
Bear me but lowly—I shall feel
What none but thou could'st e'er reveal.
For say, what minstrel may express
The thrilling feelings that possess
The darkest bosom, when its rage
Is softened by thy tutelage.
Maiden, Adieu! 'tis not for me
To woo thy spirit to my cell—
Far nobler lyres have sung to thee,
Far louder strains thine anthems swell.

TO LAURA.

Like the fairy Nymphs that dwell
In woodland height, or mountain dell;
Or of whom the poets sing,
Walking in the pomp of spring;
Or in Pindus' sunny bower
Wile with Pan the luscious hour;
Or who laughingly do weave
Fillet of the Ivy leaf;
Longing for the time to deck
Pallid Bacchus' ivory neck;
Or they who that pretty boy
In their bosoms to enjoy,
Stole away, and laid his head
In their diamond studded bed;
Or she whose soft kiss to share
Hellespont the youth did bear,
Heedless of a wat'ry grave,
Cutting fleet the turgid wave,

Reckless of fatigue or rest,
While his arm sweet Hero prest;—
Art thou—nay more, say what lyre
Tho' its cords seraphic fire,
Could lay, Laura, at thy feet
The tributary strain that's meet?

O bear me on Pegasus' wing,
Where high Hippocrene doth spring,
And let me from its streamlets sip,
That I may cool my burning lip,
And from it dash such inspir'd song,
As ne'er did yet to lip belong:
Apollo, lend to me thy lyre;
Prometheus, give to me thy fire;
Ye Nine, ye ever honor'd Nine,
O hover round this brain of mine,
And make imagination high
Thrill thro' my soul true poesy.
O ye, who have an honor'd name;
O ye, who have a deathless fame;
Whose lyres tho' mute, yet still around
The echoes of your praise resound:

Thou Tean bard, and thou whose lyre,
Warm with the flame of Lesbic fire,
Tuned to thy dearest Lydia's praise
The soft and sweetest of its lays;
Or thou, whose shell did well express
The sever'd lovers' wretchedness;
How Cypris for Adonis wept
When on the dreary mount he slept:
Or thou whose due was ill repaid,
And by stern power's mandate made
In exile sad thy life to bear,
Whose only solace is—a tear;
Who showd'st how favorites might err
In thy lone strains of "Tristia"—
Ye glorious bards, let me inherit
Some glimm'ring of your daring spirit.

What art thou? shall I call thee one
Whose form from dastard mortals sprung?
Or art thou she whom Venus said
Should be the joy of Paris' bed!
Truth, thou art beauty fully fraught
Nothing too much, too little naught;

Each sinew in perfection swells,
And grace in ev'ry moment dwells—
Beauty's own centre, for from thee
Can only come equality.

As ocean looks when dark and deep,
All fury hushed, each wave asleep—
It basks among the matin sun
To hail his journey just begun;
And Phœbus on beloved Thetis
Imprints his last, his parting kiss:
Such is the darkness of thine eye,
Such its splendid oriency—
Dark and bright as tho' it were
The choicest work of Mulciber:
Sure to that eye it must be given
To be the very gate of Heaven!

Thy lips are as the dewy rose,
And with a rubent smile disclose
Thy pearly teeth, which budding through,
Unfold their softly glossed hue:

While from thy tongue the accents fall,
Proud Eloquence attentive all,
Learns of thee her honied strain,
Hoping their sweetness to obtain:
Unmeaning task—Presumption vain!
Oh! 'tis as soft as Damon's reed,
When gladsome o'er the verdant mead,
The nibbling flock in frolic gay,
Bid their adieu to parting day;
And blushing streams and sylvan throng,
Re-echo glad the fainting song.

But soft, ah soft! thou art not mine,
And I may never, dear, be thine;
The sweet Anemony to bend,
And make it with the Thistle blend,
Though lifeless, say, who would not grieve
And strive, its mis'ry to relieve!
What would be said to see a mind,
A heart too pure, a love too kind
Link'd in firm Hymeneal tye,
With one—with whom? but pass it by.

THE FORSAKEN.

CEASE thy weeping, gentle maiden,
Wipe those silvery tears away;
Thy heart tho' now with sorrow laden,
Perchance may know a lighter day.

The wind doth rudely blow thine hair,
The snow beats heavy round thy neck,
And the chill cold destroys that fair—
That lovely hue upon thy cheek.

Alonzo, my Alonzo dear,
Was all the weeping maiden said;
When on her bosom, lily fair,
In anguish fell her aching head.

Tell me, gentle maiden, tell me,
What thy pain, and why thy grief?
Then will I strive to comfort thee,
And to thy mis'ry bring relief.

'Twas on this fatal, fatal shore,
Where I and my Alonzo stood;
We kissed and parted here, before
His gallant bark sail'd o'er the flood.

Why did he leave thee, maiden, why?
What cause could make him part from thee?
Where has he gone to, asked I,—
And sadly thus she answered me:

Oh! cruel, cruel, cruel war,
Though hidden in my bosom deep,
Still thy mad voice allured him far,
And roused him from a peaceful sleep.

Ambition beckon'd with her hand;
He started, kissed me, sighed and wept—
But ah! he sought another land,
And me of every hope bereft.

Then soon, too soon, Fate's icy breath,
Froze the warm current of his soul;
And now he lies embraced by Death—
Now raging billows o'er him roll.

Alonzo, my Alonzo, hear!
Thou once my voice would'st have obeyed;
Oh! let me on thy gory bier,
Beside thy wounded heart be laid.

Grief broke her words: she rent her hair,
And strewed its tresses on the ground;
Her rolling eyes with ghastly stare,
In frenzy wandered all around.

Oh Death! I love thee, then she said,
Oh Death! come quickly, smile on me,—
For to thy arms Alonzo fled,
Hasten, hasten, seize on me.

She rose; a deathlike shriek she gave,
And with resistless force she fled;
She plung'd,—and soon a watery grave
A solace o'er her misery shed.

TO LAURA.

NAY turn not, *thou*, away thine eye,
Tis all the solace I have left,
Mine only choice will be—to die,
If too, of that I am bereft.

'Tis known I never told my love,
Perchance thy heart may never know
How mine its dear delight would prove,
If it that love dare only shew.

But if the speaking glance—the sigh,
When passing, may a token be—
Looking confused and blushing—why
Then thou know'st my love to thee.

My heart's too proud a slave to be;
I would not stoop before a King—
Yet oh! to be a slave to thee,
Heaven no greater joy could bring.

Then turn not, *thou*, away thine eye,
Tis all the solace I have left,
Mine only choice will be—to die,
If too, of that I am bereft.

ON LEAVING ——.

Belov'd scenes of my Childhood, adieu!
The mountain, the glen, and the shade—
I must tarry no longer with you,
Ye loveliest regions e'er made.

I've sat on your mounts when no one was near,
No being to disturb my repose,
No idol to love—no demon to fear,
Save what from my fancy arose.

For methinks that to dwell with the storm—
To ride on the hurricane's wing,—
Yes, to soar in the Eaglet's form,
That scorns with the linnet to sing—

Promise far richer joys to the mind,
A manlier solace impart;
Then can Earth, with its axis confin'd,
Conceive for the desolate heart.

But, lov'd scenes of my Childhood, adieu!
The mountain, the glen, and the shade—
I must tarry no longer with you,
Ye loveliest regions e'er made.

THE STANDARD'S UNFURL'D.

THE standard 's unfurl'd—the clarion is sounding;
The hoof of the war-steed is scorning delay;
The song of the bard o'er the mountain is bounding,
And summons the brave to destruction or prey.

Dash the bowl from each lip! let a Warrior's glory
Excite to the hazards of danger and fame—
Resolve to repose on a bier though gory.;
Or brighten the sheen of your Country's name.

Let the lust of applause every bosom containing,
Urge on to the trophies of prosperous war;
Unheard be the sigh or unmanly complaining—
Let the Hall and the Bower be scouted afar.

Oh ! shame on the heart that deems 'tis deserving
To win the embrace of Britannia's fair,
Unless when aroused its sinews all nerving
At the voice of Ambition it pants to repair.

For think how the maiden will laud and admire
The laurel that waves on her votary's brow ;
Oh think !—for the thought would e'en cowards inspire
At the fair feet of Beauty some trophy to throw.

Haste to the plain where the battle is raging,
Urged on by the smile of the fair and the brave;
Haste where each rank is for glory engaging—
Seek the wreath of the Victor or Patriot's grave.

A FRAGMENT.

Poor midnight Weeper! 'tis with thee I find
A kindred spirit; and tho' others, now
Wallowing in luxuries of Earth, ne'er mind
A wounded heart's lament, nor deign to shew
Pity for what themselves too soon may know;
Yet, Oh! to me such sounds are far more sweet
Than those which from the lips of mirth can flow;
I'd rather in this vale mine ear should meet
The sacred tale of woe, than that of pleasure greet.

But why ? is there no secret joy on Earth ?
Have all the moments that are past, ne'er given
Some blossom of delight ;—which at the birth
Of huge Creation, was hurled down from heaven,
To solace Nature's agony ? Or was that riven
By our progenitors ; who us have nothing left
But the dry root, which has so oft been driven,
That now of freshness, and of bloom, bereft,
We rear not—wither'd, sapless, broken, bruised cleft.

Has not the bright eye, nor the ruby lip,
Some heart exhilarating balsam ; such
As may cheer ?—Is it not sweet to sip
The bowl o'erflowing with the nectar's touch ?
These may delight,—but Oh ! it is not much,—
The eye grows dim, the lip grows pale ; Alas !
Who may not from experience avouch,
The grape soon bitters. No ! we cannot pass
Far among Zephyrs, 'ere we meet rough Boreas.

Youth *may* have pleasures when the buoyant heart
Swells with exulting ardor; when the mind
Can revel in the flowers of Hope apart
And on each leaf some unsought balsam find:
We then are happy but because we're blind
To what may be;—Our passions bear us high
Above the storm; and thus we leave behind
The vortex of Reflection—placidly
To glide on curling streams, from thought and reason free.

"He lives the best who liveth as he can:"
So sang that Grecian bard,* and so sing I;
But Oh! 'tis hard for thought-revolving man,
The stern reproach of conscience to defy—
That only remnant of our purity.
Were ours a golden age, each Zephyr balm;
Could Innocence from tall Olympus fly;
Still man would have to feel the horrid qualm
Which his own mind engenders—pride, disdain, alarm.

---

* Sophocles.

White-steeded day is mounting in the sky
Her burnished chariot; on either side
The clouds of darkness sever; see! they hie
With dull primeval chaos to reside:
My eye is weary, and I fain would hide
The tear that dims it, from Aurora's gaze;
Oh Heaven! in thy great mercy I confide;
Protect me safely, through the knotted maze
Of this rude world,—let me know better, happier days.

THE WALTZ.

In loose-clad garb the slender form they fling,
Awaking perfum'd Zephyrs at their sides;
Joy hovers o'er them with her downy wing;
And floating music softly past them glides.

Now gently poising on the light-plac'd toe,
The pliant waist invites the tender palm;
And eyes alternate smiling as they go,
Excite soft pressure of the trembling arm.

Dishevell'd ringlets pendant on the neck
Fan the fair bosom where they darkly fall;
And fain would hide that blush upon the cheek,
Which tender looks and sighs are wont to call.

Delightful Waltz! when most ourselves we feel,
In true enjoyment of the festive hour:
Pleasure her hidden sources doth reveal,
And fascination sheds enchanting power.

TO MELANCHOLY.

---

ged maid ! within whose train appear
ing heart-ache and the burning sigh,
discontent, affliction's tear,
he woes that mis'ry can supply ;
ose sombre brow the cypress rear
dy forms, and kissing tenderly
d yew, unfold their murky bloom,
the denseness of its gloom.

Oh Melancholy ! still art thou beloved
By the sweet Nine, their sad, their only child ;
Kind nurse of genius ! who hast ever proved
The fond attendant of her offspring mild—
Unless for thy restraint it would have roved
On plains too boundless and on heaths too wild :
It would have soared too high, and in its flight
Have rushed too soon into an endless night.

We know thou lav'st within the limpid streams,
Which bound so smoothly thro' the veins that swell
Along the banks where Youth's bright flambeau beams,
Checking the pleasures that would fain rebel :
We know thou joy'st to mar the smile that gleams
From Mirth's ambrosial lip, whene'er she'd tell
The pleasure she has known among the bowers,
Where jollity consumed her festal hours.

Still dost thou touch the soul's most hidden spring,
And raise seraphic feelings to the mind—
Feelings beyond its own imagining,
All pure, all chaste, all holy, all refined:
Thou soar'st with Fancy on her golden wing;
Bland Poesy's soft spell dost thou unbind,—
Raising the spirit to those regions high,
That fan the brow of her divinity.

FRIENDSHIP.

Oh ! there is a sorrow which saddens the heart,
And o'er our enjoyment a gloominess sends;
'Tis when we are absent, or fated to part
From the bosom of those whom we call our friends.

'Tis as the darkness which falls on the ocean,
When clouds are portentous of tempest and storm;
Calmness departs, and a turgid emotion
Swells in the breast of its terrible form.

'Tis as the rose which in summer and smiling,
Redoles with its perfume the ambient air;
When pluck'd by some rude hand its beauty reviling,
Or envying the joy that it looketh on there.

Oh Friendship delightful!—thou all that art left
In this world of sadness, to solace our pain;
For say what is life when of thee 'tis bereft?—
A nauseate breath none would wish to retain.

Fair pilot of life! without thee at the helm,
We are toss'd in the waters of discord and woe;
A Boreas of sadness our sails overwhelm,
And the soft gales of peace we must ever forego.

I sigh not for wealth—I covet not power;
I pray not for nations to crouch at my feet:
No! let *me* repose but in Friendship's sweet bower,
And others the proud wreaths of glory may greet.

ON ———————

———Thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ
Candidior cycnis, hederâ formosior alba.
Virg. Buc. 7. 37.

Scene of my youth! when the untainted blood
Bounds through the veins with gladness, and the heart
Guileless and unsuspecting, pure and good,
Clings to each joy as if it ne'er would part:—
Scene of my boyhood! where the stores of art
Have strewn themselves in plenty;—while I view
Once more thy soften'd stillness, as thou wert
In days of youthful merriment;—a new,
A long unfelt emotion doth my mind imbue.

When last I looked:—but ah! why touch the chord
Whose rising murmurs waken woe long past,
Which while they to my breast some joy afford,
Around my soul a murky shadow cast,
And with reflections chain my mem'ry fast;—
When I bade thee Farewell, I left my joy;
With thee I first had happiness and last—
For since I left thy peaceful shades, alloy
Hath crept around my heart:—I am no more a boy.

Oft have I thought on thee—and now I stand
Where once my gambols were, and tread the spot
Which I so oft have trodden, hand in hand
With her, tho' lost to me, yet ne'er forgot:
How often have I paced yon lowly cot,
Whose modest cov'ring rises 'mong the trees,
And woos the Zephyrs' balsam:—Time may blot
From memory's tablet all that else can please,
But never what I feel whilst I'm beholding these.

Oft have I viewed the pale blue tinted sky,
Whose silky canopy o'er-hangs the shore,
Where gently rises once fam'd Italy;—
By Fancy lov'd, though known to Fame no more,
As lowly now as she was proud before;
Whose classic earth to dying patriots gave—
Those manly souls that scorn'd a tyrant's roar,
A country's plaudits, and a martyr's grave,—
Idols to be ador'd but by the wise and brave!

I've climb'd thy tow'ring mountains, Cumberland,
With a firm knee, and on their summits proud,
Have given thought freedom, touch'd by Fancy's wand,
To soar awhile above the sordid crowd
That dwell on earth 'mong passions base and loud;
Skiddaw, Helvellyn, ye, whose peaks arise
Among celestial regions; such whereon
Egypt's great lawgiver beheld the skies
Clad in Olympian splendor; while they shone
Reflecting His bright visage—Israel's Holy One.

But, as the bird, which from its parent nest
Some cruel hand hath plunder'd, and confin'd
Within a wiry cell; sad and distress'd
If e'er it may that prison door unbind,
Its little wings are restless till it find
Their wonted circuit; and from spray to spray
Fearfully boundeth:—Thus 'tis with the mind,
Howe'er from once lov'd pleasures it may stray,
Their memory ne'er departs,—their beauties ne'er decay.

Oh for a Poet's lyre! then would I raise
Each chord euphonious; and thou shouldst be
Torn from the wreck of Time;—and this thy praise,
To be espoused to Fame's sweet melody—
But weakly burns the heav'nly flame in me:
Adieu, adieu! I must not longer dwell
'Mong your beguiling stillness: when on thee
I fondly gaze, ambition doth rebel:
Yet ere I go, receive my benison—Farewell.

MUSIC.

Minuentur atræ
Carmine curæ.
Hor.

DELIGHTFUL fount! that round the troubled heart
Meander'st gently with a Syren stream;
And o'er the grief-worn spirit dost impart,
A comfort calmer than Hope's brightest gleam.

How brightly beams the ray from Beauty's eyes,
When airy Music round them wanders near—
The witching Cestus that upon them lies,
Aroused by melody sits smiling there.

When barb'd with music's charm, how sure the dart
  Touches with love the bosom where 'tis aim'd;
How quickly then it triumphs o'er the heart!
  How soon the youthful passion is enflam'd.

O soften'd ecstasy! Oh Halcyon sweet!
  Joy to be felt, but never to be told,
What bard may honor thee with numbers meet,
  Who thy sense-stirring virtues may unfold?

ON RETURNING A —— TO ——.

LADY, receive this loan of thine;
Why act not thou as just a part?
Oh! restore that which *once* was mine—
My weak, my lost, my love-sick heart.

DIES FESTALIS.

Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem.
Hor.

Go and cull in Pleasure's bower
The bright hue of ev'ry flower,
And let their woven garland be
To gird the brow of Revelry:
Go into the Muses' choir,
Hasten, L——— and there require
She who chords the dulcet lute,
She who breathes the am'rous flute—
Hasten, hasten, L———, away,
This shall be a festal day.

Hie thee to yon verdant plain;
Lead along its maid and swain,
And let with each a garland be
To gird the brow of Revelry:
Go, and seek the rustic dance;
Bid her with her nymphs advance,
And with wreaths of myrtle crown'd,
Let them circle on the ground.
Hasten, hasten, L———, away,
This shall be a festal day.

Hie thee to yon rubent vine;
Lead along the purest wine,
And bring its pallid leaf with thee
To gird the brow of Revelry:
Hie thee quickly, let us shew
How our golden cups o'erflow;
Then each frenzied brain shall bless
Grief's mild balm—forgetfulness.
Oh! Insensibility,
Hither blandly smile on me.

Hasten, hasten, L———, away,
This shall be a festal day.

Bind our grotto with the thorn:
Then invoke the rosy Morn
Not to raise her drowsy head
From lov'd Tithon's saffron bed;
Or if she do—Oh! may it be
To join amid our revelry:
Hie thee quickly—and if Care
Then shall at our gate appear,
Smiling sweetly, softly say—
No one is at home to-day.
Hasten, hasten, hither L———,
This festivity is well.

FORBID THAT I EVER BEHOLD THE EYE.

O! woman's heart was made
For minstrel hands alone;
By other fingers play'd
It yields not half its tone.
Moore.

Forbid that I ever behold the eye,
Though its ray be bright as the solar glare,
That deign'd to beam on what gold may supply
When the heav'nly sounds of the lyre were near.

What are the gewgaws that wealth may entail—
To soar in the regions round Fancy's shrine?
The weight that lies in its pinions would fail
To rise 'bove the grov'lling bounds of the mine!

The wreaths of Wealth in a moment decay—
The wreaths of Wit are for ever in bloom;
The flow'rs of her chaplet are fresh and gay
'Neath Chloris's sky or hibernal gloom.

The proud gates of Thebes shall open no more,
Yet the lay of her bard survives their fall;
Gold never was found—save tarnish'd with ore—
Oh! the gift of song is noblest of all.

Then grant that I never behold the eye,
Though its rays be bright as the solar glare,
That deigns to beam on what wealth may supply
When the heav'nly sounds of the lyre are near.

CONCEALED LOVE.

Her cheek was faded; and no longer glowed
Her vermeil lip: Her beaming eye was dim:
A gloom—the gloom of Melancholy, sat
Brooding on her brow; whose dark and sombre wing
Veiled her dejected form. No more the smile
Dimpled her cheek; for when a smile she called,
The sigh rejoined. Each wonted joy that 'erst
Could cheer, was cheerless. Music charmed no more—
The dance was toil—the pencil lay disused;
The world was loathsome: and, when kindred Night
Bowed at pale Cynthia's shrine, she sat, apart
From song and revelry, to weep alone.

Say, whence this change? She whom festivity
Crown'd with her wreaths! In whose young bosom once
The streams nectarean of pleasure sprung;
Whose eye was mirth's bright orb, and raised around
The rose of flattery. Say, whence this change?
She faded as the flower that drooping, dies
When Phœbus sinks beneath the farthest West:
She sighed—she wept; she felt each vein conceive
The chilling languor—every nerve distend—
She died!—But Oh! she never told her love.

TO LAURA.

Tu Dea certe.
Virg.

WHILE the elm supports the vine;
While the mid-day sun may shine;
While e'er beats this heart of mine—
I will love thee, Laura.

While the night is clothed in dark;
While ascends the matin lark;
While rough ocean laves the bark—
I will love thee, Laura.

While the bee feasts on the flower;
While the rose blooms in the bower;
While slowly creeps Life's weary hour—
I will love thee, Laura.

When the thunder shakes the sky;
When the lurid lightnings fly;
When thy peerless beauties die—
I will love thee, Laura.

Though fell cares my mirth destroy;
Though my pleasures bring alloy;
Nor thou a maid nor I a boy—
I will love thee, Laura.

When hoary age shall tinge thy hair;
When wrinkles touch that visage fair—
Sublim'd on joy, or sunk in care,
I will love thee, Laura.

Though thy heart may prove unkind;
Though thy vows may never bind;
Will I forget? No! thou shalt find,
I will love thee, Laura.

When around the bed of death,
The Parcæ wave their cypress wreath;
What shall be my latest breath?
I have loved thee, Laura.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

BOOK IV.—ODE 7.

THE snows are fled—the fields are green,
The leaf adorns each bough;
Nature in vernal garb is seen,
The streams their banks o'erflow.

The Graces dare to trip the lawn,
Their virgin choir attends;
No vests their beauteous limbs adorn,
No zone their form defends.

O! think on Death—the days and years
An admonition give;
Winter dissolves when spring appears,
And spring but shortly lives.

Then Summer soon about to die,
Pomiferous Autumn sends;
Yet scarce does she her fruits supply
'Ere Winter's coldness rends.

Monthly the Moon her light relumes,
But when—as each one must!
We go where every thing consumes,
We are—but shade and dust.

Who knows if e'er the Gods intend,
To add another day;
Thine heir may not those treasures spend,
Which thou desirest he may.

When once thou diest, and the decree
Of Minos hath been made;
Birth, virtue, wisdom, ne'er can thee
Restore above the shade.

Dian, her lover ne'er could gain
From the infernal dark;
Theseus could never break the chain
Which bound his other heart.

TO A WEEPING WILLOW.

CALM are thy regions, soft is thy pillow;
Cool are the breezes that round thee blow—
Tell me why art thou weeping, sweet Willow,
When all is so still above—below?

The bird as she passes gives thee her song;
Hark! how its music whispers repose;
And the brook which murmurs so faintly along,
Seems to sigh at thy wo as it goes.

Tell me why art thou weeping, sweet willow?
Say, what pain can disturb thy young breast?
Calm Zephyrs woo thee, and thy sleek pillow
Is—the down of a streamlet at rest.

Ah! too true emblem of life—for when oft
All around us is happy and fair,
Ourselves are unknown to those feelings soft;
Ourselves are the slaves of despair!

TO LAURA, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Ah! may'st thou ever be what now thou art,
Nor unbeseem the promise of thy spring;
As fair in form, as warm, yet pure in heart;
Love's image upon earth without its wing,
And guileless beyond Hope's imagining.

Byron.

Behold yon blush suffuse the eastern sky!
Behold yon tear that dims Aurora's eye!
'Tis Morn, 'tis Morn.—Oh! Fancy, plume thy wing;
Thy brightest stores, Imagination bring;
Ye maids Æolian, supply each flower
That blooms in Pindus' consecrated bower;
And let your wreaths with every petal gay,
Transfuse their balm o'er Laura's natal day.

Fair bud of Innocence, whose blushing hue
Bath'd in the lymph of Virtue's mildest dew,
In pendant coyness bashfully reclines,
And fain would hide each charm that in it shines;
Around whose perfume, Genius, Beauty flow,
And linger all enamoured as they go,—
Oh! may no chill 'neath Sorrow's icy reign
Blighten that bloom, that purity distain—
Spirit of song, Soul of poetic fire,
Too fair to love, yet formed but to admire;
Oh! beam benignly, smile upon the lay
That bows in worship at thy natal day.

What shall I sing? what essences divine
Adorn thy bosom, and thy mind refine?
When didst thou hear the tender tale of wo,
And feel thy breast without a kindred throe?
When did the orphan's or the widow's prayer,
Meet without pain, without relief, thine ear?
When did revenge within thy bosom burn?
When from affliction did thine eye-lid turn—

Unless to shed unseen, unknown, the tear
That Pity bade, through feeling, glisten there.

Oh ! could such innocence reverse the doom,
Dispel the darkness of terrestrial gloom ;
Did joy alone from virtuous deeds ensue,
What bliss thy lot—what happiness thy due !
Each year of time such excellence would bless,
Each moment fondle, and each hour caress.

And may, Oh ! may each fleet-revolving year,
From off its wing some downier moulting bear ;
May Mirth unfold for thee her brightest store,
And on thy brow her choicest phial pour ;
May Hope ne'er lure to but ideal joy ;
May Pleasure ne'er disclose her sting—alloy ;
May all most lov'd, most hallow'd, and most dear,
Bow at thy mandate, and thy will revere.

Time wings resistless in a headlong flight:
The steeds of day soon pierce the realms of night;
The flower whose scent redoles the breath of spring,
Soon droops decayed—in bloom but withering:
Soon does the rigour of life's chilling age
The buoyant rush of youth's full veins assuage;
Soon will those tresses that dishevell'd stray
Like dusky clouds along the Milky way,
Change their bright vesture for a garb of gray;
Soon will those eyes, whese orbs of Vestal fire
Would Stoic charm, or Anchorite inspire,
Lose their bright beam when mists of age arise,
And claim its brightness for their sacrifice;
Soon will that brow, as cloudless as the sky
That smiles o'er Cashmere or o'er Italy,
Receive the furrow from Time's ruthless share
That severs all, weak, proud, sublime or fair!

Let these decay,—the gems of heart and mind
Receive from time a lustre more refin'd:

When the rose dies, the balm that scents its tomb,
Is sweeter far than in luxuriant bloom ;
When reft the flowers that once the vase did fill,
Their fragrance lives, their perfume lingers still.
Thus, thus, with thee : thy youth's refulgent ray
Will gild with brightness life's declining day ;
As golden streaks enamelling the West,
Tho' Phœbus worn his wat'ry couch hath press'd,
Thy twilight splendour of its blaze beguil'd,
Tho' not as lustrous, still will beam more mild:
Oh ! oft shall Mem'ry with a refluent tide
Meander gently round the flowery side
Of bye-gone bliss, and on her bosom bear
The ling'ring sweets that still are blooming there.

And should'st thou, maiden, when the purling streams,
Upon whose riplings youth's bright flambeau beams,
Yield to the storms—the hurricanes of strife,
That beat around the destinies of life;
When o'er the bark the turgid foam is toss'd,
Each canvass shatter'd, and its compass lost :

Oh! should'st thou hear amid that howling roar,
The voice which hailed thee on youth's peaceful shore,
Those strains, then feigned, which to the youthful lyre
The scathless heart and pensive mind inspire;
Oh! should'st thou hear this—heave not thou the sigh,
'Twould venom more the shaft of misery;
'Twould lure to shades of comfort and repose,
Yet found their prospect from—a sea of woes.

What mean these strains that tremble on my lyre,
Yet trembling die—inaudibly expire?
What mean these flames that in my bosom glow,
And parch the streams of fancy in their flow?
What are those strains?—still must I strike my chords?
Oh! could but Echo murmur thoughts as words;
Or could the heart by look, by sigh, confess
What tongue mayn't utter, eloquence express,
Methinks ———
Ye idols of my worship, Fame—
Shall I invoke thee as my praise or shame?

Ambition! thou to whose dread shrine belong
My matin, noon, and eve-tide orison—

* * * *

My harp is broken—on its sever'd wires,
Though passion lingers, melody expires;
Hear its last murmurs, hear their parting lay—
Hark! Echo lisps them as they fade away;
Receive their sounds—reveal not what they say.

STANZAS.

'Twas ever thus—from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never lov'd a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to die away.

Moore.

Ah me! 'tis sad, where'er we roam,
To find nor resting place nor home;
Within the world to creep along
Its tired, its 'wearied denizen;'
To kiss the joys that others press,
And still elicit—wretchedness:
Say, O! Genius, tell me why
Thou hast ordain'd thy votary
To be the slave of misery—
Ah me! 'tis sad, where'er we roam,
To find nor resting place nor home.

Just to step in Pleasure's bower,
Sacred to the festal hour;
And then some woeful lip to tell:
"Away, away, nor longer dwell;
Dost thou not see how Mirth's bright flame
Begins to deaden and to tame?
Away, away, 'tis not for thee
To feast amid our revelry—"
Ah me! 'tis sad, where'er we roam,
To find nor resting place nor home.

Philosophy, with thee I've strayed;
Sweet Poesy, with thee I've *played:*
I've quaffed the Vine from bowls of pearl;
I've danced with many an envied girl;
My youthful brain has felt the sense
Of Flattery's perfumed frankincense:—
But fumes that gave to others joy,
Did only lend to me alloy;
And thus in each—in all of these,
Nought could my youthful fancy please;

Or if they pleased, then envious fate
Did soon my breast intoxicate;
And thus I lost the softened sense
Of their benignest influence—
Ah me! 'tis sad, where'er we roam,
To find nor resting place nor home.

I 've loved, I 've loved; say who has not?
But e'en its joys were ne'er my lot;
It gave a smile to some—to me
Its iron sneer, Inconstancy:
I swear my vows were offered true
As infant cherub his could do—
Ah me! tis sad, where'er we roam,
To find nor resting place nor home.

I know my heart 's been ill of late,
Perchance deserved such cruel fate;
But Oh! that wo is hard to bear,
Which scorns the solace of a tear—

Away, away, sleep, sorrow, sleep;
Though e'en a boy, I will not weep:
Those storms that now my bosom rend
Shall *break* its spirit ere it *bend*—
Ah me! 'tis sad, where'er we roam,
To find nor resting place nor home!

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ERRATA.

18th page, line 13, *read*
All know Prince Henry was fair Anne's spouse.
23d page, line 11, for "are," *read* is.
34th page, line 7, for "as," *read* on.
76th page, line 3, *read* whispering around.
124th page, lines 7 and 8, for "she," *read* her.

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